Newspapers by ancestry
https://www.newspapers.com/image/578633611

Downloaded on Mar 26, 2024

(Virgin, UK), *Rasta Ambassador* (TR International, JA), *Version Galore** (Virgin Front Line, UK).

Comers

Catholic Discipline

Catholic Discipline comes on like a desperate Halloween party, slamming bourgeois conventions with the fervor of a black priesthood. They have the intuition to confront fear and constancy and accept them as the betraying elements of current popular music. Hearing Catholic Discipline, you understand whiskey priests bent on facing Graham Greene executions. Like the savage, liberating transcendent attack you're forced to face head on by John Doe of X and Darby Crash of the Germs, Catholic Discipline bring you face to face with yourself at the bottom of Hong Kong Cafe shot glasses. It makes you glad you at least came out on a Friday night.

Claude Bessy, editor of *Slash Magazine*, wanted to form an obscene little combo that would give you nightmares ever since I met him in July, 1977, when the third issue of *Slash* was about to hold forth on the newsracks with the Kodalith cover of a spitting, Revelation-spewing Johnny Rotten. So you weren't quite into it then. The whole apocalyptic mess was a bit premature for you, a bit too prophesying. And here you find it in the disturbing present, required listening matter along with the American History textbook of all-

American rock 'n' roll high school offspring. Or maybe you're young enough not to remember that rock 'n' roll was, for a decade, turned into a pathetic parody of everything that real rock 'n' roll stood for. Oh, it's so wonderful to have nothing standing in your way, isn't it? All the squares put to bed and tucked in with their calming sedatives.

Now Claude sings his lyrics in hoarse shouts, drawls and hymns that are fodder for the engine of Catholic Discipline: Phranc (Nervous Gender neo-girl) on guitar, Craig Lee of the Bags on drums, Rick Jaffe (ex of the B People) on bass, and Richard Meade on keyboards. Claude says, "I want it understood this isn't my back-up band. There's going to be a lot of writing coming from the rest of the group."

Catholic Discipline has little to do with *Slash* magazine per se. What Claude writes in his lyrics always has a direct line into print, but no journalistic labeling can be applied to these songs, varying from "Whip Them Lord," "Culture Sluts" to the Seeds' "Tripmaker." Get ready for the next surprise. Catholic Discipline plays the Hong Kong Cafe with the Germs, Chinas Comidas (from Seattle) and Fear on Halloween, Oct. 31.

— Chris Desjardins

Review

The Germs Slash 103

Two years ago, when the Germs first hit the struggling L.A. punk circuit, this writer figured they would soon give up and return to the Valley from which they came. They were so horrible that they were literally thrown off the stage at their first gig. In fact, this writer admits to throwing wet, wadded-up paper towels at the band at their earlier shows. Back then, they were without a doubt the worst band ever to call themselves rock 'n' roll.

Apparently the Germs were determined to overcome their faults. After going through a couple of drummers, they settled on Don Bowels and began to improve. Their stage shows became more coherent. And now they've released one of the finer recordings to come out of the L.A. hardcore punk rock scene.

The album, *Germs G.I.*, boasts 15 short songs and a nine-minutes-plus epic called "Shut Down" (not the Beach Boys' song of the same name). "Shut Down" is also the slowest song; the others are played at haul-ass speed, as if each instrument is racing to finish first.

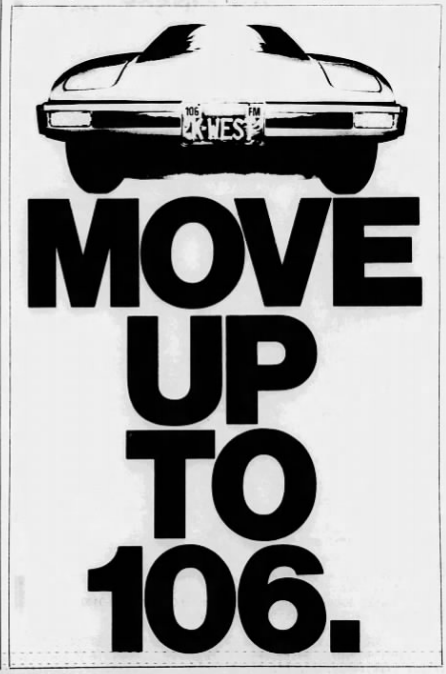
Standout songs are "Communist Eyes," "Lexicon Devil," "Manimal," "Media Blitz," and of course "Shut Down." Darby Crash's growling, screaming, late-night-TV man/beast rendition of "Manimal" is particularly interesting.

The Germs sound, as produced by Joan Jett of the Runaways, is a synthesis of contemporary punk and heavy metal noise ensembles like Black Sabbath, Bang and Budgie, played at a much quicker pace. My hyper-critical ears have longed for such lobe-wrecking sounds for quite some time.

Darby's lyrics reek of control (his over you) and violence. His picture of life is not a pretty one. One complaint: Darby's inclined to assert his intelligence by using words twice his size. "Aberrations," "inculcated" and "sardonic" are not exactly heard often in Chinatown these days. And what the hell is a "suture," anyway?

—Phast Phreddie

Phast Phreddie, so named for his facility with the spatula in a fast food joint, has chronicled L.A.'s punk scene for various fanzines since its first stirrings.



Copyright © 2024 Newspapers.com. All Rights Reserved.
Powered by Newspapers.com